EDITORIALS BY THE LAITY

Religion Part of Man's Nature.

By Dr. Paul Carus.

UNLESS the nature of mankind changes the future of history will not be irreligious. On the contrary, it will be more truly religious than ever. It will discard those superstitious elements which are so often regarded as the essential features of religion, but it will with greater emphasis insist on its essential truths. We are bound to reach the bottom rock where religion will have nothing to fear from the critique of science.

We venture to say that the new movement will spring from the orthodox ranks, which by and by will unhesitatingly recognize all the truth of science and reinterpret the old in the spirit of the new. They will retain all the good of their traditions without making the slightest concession to either hypocrisy or equivocation, and without sacrificing the uplift of genuine devotion. In a future of religion there will be a reinterpretation of the old, and it is natural that all religions will convincingly tend toward the same goal.

The religion of the future will have to satisfy the essential needs of the human heart. We drift tempest tossed on the ocean of life, and we need guidance and comfort and encouragement. In the face of the unrest which surrounds us we want to have the assurance of a firm ground, where our anchor can catch. We want to know our goal and the direction in which we have to steer. All this must be supplied by religion, and where our knowledge is insufficient faith steps in.

Religion is inborn in every soul in the same way as gravity is an inalienable part of all matter. Every particle that exists is interlinked with the whole of the cosmos. It is swayed by it, it is attached to it, its momentum is determined by it in the exact proportion of its weight, of its position, and generally of its relation to the All.

The innate energy of every particle, every atom, presses forth in one direction or another beyond its own limits as if it were yearning beyond itself. No piece of matter is an existence in itself, its nature and its movements are conditioned by the rest of the universe and it can find the fulfillment of its longing only outside its own being.

In the same way every sentient soul yearns beyond itself and becomes easily conscious of the fact that it is only a part of an immeasurably great whole, of the All that stretches forth into unknown infinitudes, and that the significance of its life lies outside the sphere of its ego. This All feeling of the individual, this panpathy is religion, and religion is a natural presence in every human breast.

Religion grows up in unconscious spontaneity and it asserts itself first in sentiment. It is so strong that it may be counted as the deepest passion of which man is capable. It is possessed of a motive power which excels all other passions, and can, if misdirected, lead to deeds which otherwise would be impossible, such as sacrifice of what is dearest to the heart, even the bodily sacrifice of oneself or of one's own children on the altar of a deity who is believed to demand such offerings.

But religion is not merely feeling. Religion enters into every fiber of man's spiritual existence, and throughout the development of human actions it remains the factor which adjusts the relation of the individual to the All. It grows and matures with the growth and maturity of man. It weaves out of his experiences a world conception in which it appoints him to his place, assigns his duties, and furnishes direction for his conduct.

The function of religion, however, goes deeper still. This entire world is the actualization of eternal types. It develops according to law and brings into existence those possibilities which in philosophy are called Platonic ideas. Accordingly man is not a mere congeries of atoms, he is more than a corporeal conglomeration of matter, he is the actualization of the type of his personality; his essential and characteristic being consists in the ideas he thinks, in the aims he pursues, and in the significance which he possesses for the great movement of human life.

In every one of these is something eternal that has made its appearance in corporeal and visible shape, and no thinking man will identify himself with the dust of his body, but he will seek his real being in the significance of his spiritual nature.

Religion reminds us of the eternal background against which the fleeting phenomena of the material world take shape. This eternal is the essential part of life that transfigures the transient in which it is actualized.

Man is not born a philosopher, but he grows up from primitive conditions and is compelled to act and adjust his conduct even before he knows the world or himself, and so religion, which as we have seen, animates his entire being and unconsciously dominates all his sentiments from the bottom of his heart, comes to him in the shape of allegories and symbols. He first feels religion before he formulates it in doctrines, and the first doctrines are naturally mere formulations of the symbols wherein truth first dawns on him.

But the higher man rises, the better he understands how to distinguish between symbol and truth, between letter and spirit, between the parable and its meaning. In the dogmatic state we were like children, being nursed with fairy tales and parables; but in the state of mankind we shall see face to face and shall have a clear and unequivocal comprehension of the truth.

Proposed National Health Department.

By Dr. W. Wenzlick.

GOOD health is the condition sine qua non of the enjoyment of all inherited and acquired powers of life, to which every other blessing is but subordinately contributive. There is no subject entitled to so much consideration by local, national, and international administrations, and, though it is the greatest of human interests, yet it is only of recent times that the subject has received much attention.

There is some hope that the long continued efforts of our American Medical association to have the chief of the federal health department a member of the president's cabinet may soon be realized, and that the national board of health may be an independent department, not a mere division of the treasury department.

The national department of health ought to have supervision and control of all bureaus that are concerned, indirectly as well as directly, in the promotion of the general welfare and health of the public. All county, municipal, and state health boards should be subordinate to the federal department and governed by uniform laws, except where and when local emergencies require special rules. Each chief should be alone responsible for his bureau and report semi-annually all the vital and other statistics to the chief or secretary of the national health department. The subdivisions of the state boards should correspond to those of the federal department.

The present division of the department into bureaus might be amplified as needed. Thus the department may have the following bureaus:

A federal bureau of laboratories for scientific research in etiology, pathology, and prophylaxis of diseases, for the manufacture of vaccines, serums, and anti-toxins to be distributed free of charge in order to cure, check, and prevent the spread of infectious and contagious diseases; for hygiene, quarantine, etc.

A bureau of hospital service, transferring the marine hospital service from the treasury department, and the bureau of medicines and surgery from the navy department.

A bureau of vital statistics, including also registration of physicians and surgeons, druggists, chemists, and pharmaceutical manufacturers.

A bureau of education, now of the interior department, should also determine such problems as the physical and mental development, idiosyncrasy, etc., of children and their fitness to enter school.

A bureau of immigration, now of the department of commerce and labor, should be under control of this department in order to prevent the introduction into the country of diseases, vices, and crimes.

A bureau of labor, now of the department of commerce and labor, should secure better sanitary conditions and protection for the individual in the pursuit of his occupation, regulating the number of hours per day and the number of years for each occupation and worker so that no harm may result; the age and condition of the worker and his fitness for any particular occupation should also be determined by the federal, state, and local officers of this bureau.

A bureau of agriculture, which was a bureau of the interior department until 1887, when it became a department by itself. As its ultimate object is really to promote the health of the citizens by raising healthy live stock and growing agricultural products for wholesome food, it should be under the department of health.

A bureau or fish commission, now of the department of commerce and labor, having for its object the improvement of fish as a food for man, properly also belongs in the department that looks after private and public health.

A bureau of sanitation should establish as many sub-bureaus as may be found necessary for the well being of the people; for purifying the air from smoke and other contaminations in cities, towns, and houses; for insuring pure drinking water, unpolluted canals, rivers, lakes, etc., for disposing of sewage and garbage by means of rendering plants; for sanitation of private and public houses; for protection against preventable accidents due to railroads, fires, etc. This bureau should also have charge of the life saving service

A bureau of marriage, to prevent the transmission of hereditary diseases, and the hereditary cumulation of mental and physical defects in individuals who have the same peculiarity or predisposition; to issue marriage licenses upon due examination of the candidates to determine their fitness for each other, and for the continuance of a healthy progeny.

There is no doubt that the plans of distinguished men who have thoroughly studied this subject will benefit mankind and make practical the minutest details of the ways and means to secure the greatest health and happiness to the greatest number of our citizens.

Value of Friends in Business.

By John A. Howland.

WHO are your friends, young man?

Please don't mix this practical question, that is of so much concern to the every day young man in business, with that archaic, "A man is known by the company he keeps." Just as we have outgrown constitutions, statutes, stage coaches, and sailing vessels, so many of those old, cherished maxims and epigrams of a generation ago have lost their application.

Today if the young man beginning his life work wishes to judge of his own progress, there is no surer compass than that with its figurative dial set round with his worldly friends and acquaintances.

Practically there is no such thing as a business friendship, if between the parties to it the element of business competition exists. Ordinarily in the case of ostensible friendship in such a case, that man who does not sacrifice "friendship" to "business" will be regarded as just so much less a good man of business. Therefore it becomes necessary for the young man making self-inquiry of himself in relation to his workaday friends not to lay undue stress upon this word "friendship." "Friendliness" in general is the better word.

In offices almost without number any new recruit may expect in the beginning to face coldness, if not resentment. He is at the least another candidate for preferment, if only he stays long enough under satisfactory records.

Numberless influences already may have attracted members of the organization into small and smaller cliques, each more or less out of sympathy with the others. With which of these will the recruit ally himself? Will he "boost," or will he "knock"; or, almost worse than either, will he preserve an individual, noncommittal attitude, recognizing neither of the other influences? Shall the young novice wonder that he is under a cool, calculating surveillance?

But there are few young men of warm blood who have not a desire to make friends among their fellow workers. Youth by instinct is sociable, but in such a situation as this the young man must appreciate that accordingly as he affiliates with fellow workers who may have aligned themselves against the wishes of the employer, he must anticipate that this employer will pass judgment in certain measure upon him, perhaps long before he has a chance to prove his individual merit as a worker.

It is just here that in most concrete form the young man faces that self-questioning, "Who are my friends here?" Of no less significance, too, is the further question, "Who are my enemies?" And always these answers must be gauged and tempered with that other question, "Why and how did I make them so?"

It has been the experience of thousands of young men—and old men, for that matter—that enmities have been encouraged through successful, satisfactory handling of the worker's individual duties imposed upon him. That other man in the organization who may have reason to feel that except for this new recruit and his showing, his own chances for promotion would have been much better, cannot warm to his competitor in even the social sense that might seem merely respectful in the office routine. This the young man may smile at.

On this same subject of enmity, it may concern the young man far more seriously and lastingly if through some opportunity to lend to making a black mark against a worthy fellow worker he commit himself to some underhand, pettifogging, small action which would shame him to acknowledge openly. His victim never may know of the action, but it is almost impossible that some one else in the organization will allow the incident to escape him. And always the action will be an unpleasant memory to the young man guilty of it.

As to friendly relations with his fellow workers, the decent young man, in measuring the fellow with whom he would like to be friendly, and yet hasn't won over to him, this question of "Why?" is doubly significant.

In just the degree that the decent, honorable young man has failed to attract the friendliness of other decent, honest fellows in his organization, he must rest assured that something is wrong with himself. If three, or five, or a dozen of these men have fraternized on a footing of understanding, and the young man recruit fails in reasonable time to accomplish a social recognition in at least partial degree, it is the fault of the young man. What is that fault? What are those cumulative faults?

To answer the question fully and convincingly the young man must remember that in such a circumstance his employer in all likelihood has been asking himself that question, "How is it that young Jones doesn't mix with those decent chaps in the office? What's the matter with him?"

This may be one of the most serious questions of the employer. He may figure that if Jones isn't mixing, he's likely to be an element of friction in his organization. He can't afford frictions. What can he do about it? It is especially serious on the face of it that Jones doesn't seem to be pulling with some of the best fellows in his employ. Is he making friends of the worse element there?

This last is by no means impossible. Some of these lower types of workers in such a circumstance may attempt to flatter Jones in order to profit by Jones' spending his money for cigars, perhaps drinks. Flattery is a subtle thing on occasion.

"Politics" in any organization ostensibly is frowned upon. Yet in any organization where honest and dishonest men are fellow workers politics is an inevitable result. One square man among fifty dishonest ones will be fought far harder and more relentlessly than fifty honest men are likely to fight the one dishonest man in an organization. Those dishonest ones will resort to far more corrupt measures.

The one solution of it all seems to be: Find yourself—and fight to the last ditch! On the side of decency and honesty, you have everything to gain and nothing to lose!

Frank Criticisms of Thompson's Work.

By Jonathan Mayo Crane.

HENRY CLAYTON THOMPSON has written an interesting book which doubtless will prove helpful and edifying to thousands of readers. It is called "NEW READING OF EVOLUTION" (New Reading Publishing company, Chicago). His literary style is forceful, clear, and concise. In simple language, with no waste of words, he reviews in an enlightening way the whole field of human knowledge and seeks to show that evolution is tending to the development of human character and the solution of all human problems. His cheerful optimism is strongly suggestive of the new thought school. The great majority of the readers of his book will be pleased and benefited by it. So much in frank praise of it.

Now for equally frank criticism, not of his style or his intentions, but of his assumptions. The vast majority of persons are not critical readers, and it is for that reason they will be pleased with this book. Mr. Thompson calls it a "new reading of evolution," but it is no more new than the so-called new thought is new. It is merely an exposition of the ages old theory of an intelligence in nature—the theory that everything was created for a conscious purpose. This theory of purpose in nature is as old as human reason.

Whether or not there is an intelligent purpose in nature, it is unscientific to assume it. It is primitive man's explanation of phenomena which he does not understand. He seems to have inherited the idea from the lower animals. A horse sees a newspaper lying in the road. A breeze lifts the paper and the horse shies at it in terror. Does the horse not believe the paper is alive? Man in his primitive stage ascribed the moving of the leaves, the flowing of streams, the falling of rain, the roar of thunder, and the flash of lightning to invisible spirits. He ascribed beneficent or malevolent purposes to these spirits according to the harm or benefit the phenomena did to him or the harm or the benefit he thought they would do to him. Here clearly was a firm belief in intelligence and purpose in nature.

Science has shown the physical causes of many of these phenomena. The scientific method is to seek for physical causes rather than to be content with the primitive assumption that these causes are superphysical. But the human mind has an almost irresistible tendency to ascribe a superphysical cause for anything it cannot understand.

It is well known that science has not yet discovered the nature of life or its origin. For this reason there always has been and still are many persons who hold that in addition to the chemical components of all living beings there is a mysterious vital force. They object that natural selection is just as incapable as any other mechanical principle to explain life. To this their opponents answer "It does not follow that we never will find a satisfactory physical explanation of life." They already have given a physico-chemical analysis of some aspects of the vital processes which formerly were attributed to a vital force. Chemists have been able to produce artificially certain substances which are found only in the living body.

"Through all the operations of nature," says Mr. Thompson, "we see the evolution of an apparent purpose."

Can he "see" an "apparent purpose" in the birth of hydrocephalous children and other deformities? Can he "see" an apparent purpose in the vestigial organs of man and other animals?

"In a word," says Prof. Conrad Guenther of the University of Freiburg in Baden, "the vital force raises so many new difficulties that are not raised by the mechanical conception that we are bound to prefer the latter. Selection is precisely proved in a most striking way by the imperfectness of the adaptations."

However, Mr. Thompson himself admits his "reading of evolution" is not new, for he says:

"The theory that mind instead of necessity or chance was the arranging and harmonizing force of the universe dates back to a Greek, Anaxagoras (500-428 B. C.). Plato taught that mind was the orderer of the universe and that the soul preceded organization."

It is true that many evolutionists believe natural selection does not account for all the modifications and variations of the forms of animal life. Darwin himself admitted the possibility of other modifying factors. Hugo de Vries, the German botanist, has demonstrated within the last few years that species sometimes change by mutations or by sudden leaps. He found that the "freaks" or "sports" of nature could be cultivated so as to become distince species, breeding true to their kind. But Mr. Thompson says:

"There is no absolute proof of any species having descended from another."

He does not seem to be aware of the many different species of animal and vegetable life which have been artificially created by the selection and cultivation of natural variations.

"I cannot conceive," he says, "of eternal, self-acting, self-adjusting laws without a Law Maker." The capital letters are his.

It is unfortunate that the word "law" is applied to the invariable processes of nature. It causes confusion of thought. For only human laws are made; the so-called "laws" of nature are not made, but are discovered. I do not see how Mr. Thompson or any one else can "conceive of eternal, self-acting laws" being made.

"It would seem wiser," he says, "to go further back in our search for an intelligent and efficient cause than to a debatable principle, adaptation to environment."

But was the intelligence which created tropical animals in what are now the frigid polar regions unable to foresee that the climate there would not continue to be tropical?

"The theory of descent," Mr. Thompson says, "does not account for patriotism." What is patriotism but an evolution of the instinct for mutual protection which is quite common among other animals besides man?

"In short," he says, "mechanical causes cannot produce or explain intelligent, harmonious friendship, rational love relations, or any other psychical experience." How does he know that? Does he know all the "laws" of physics? In fact a plausible explanation of the physical causes of psychic experiences has been given by Dr. John L. March in a recently published book entitled "A Theory of Mind."

Notwithstanding Mr. Thompson's belief that the processes of nature are purposive, he makes an exception of the human will, which he believes is free, but that the will of other animals is not. "If the human will is no more free than that of the higher animals," he says, "why are the latter in subjection to the former?" Is it not because of the superior intelligence of man rather than the lack of will of animals to vanquish man?

He intimates that there are no hybrids "except as the results of human agency." Botanists are aware of the existence of many hybrids in nature which have not been produced by man. But if man can produce them, as Mr. Thompson admits, he must do so in accordance with the processes of nature and there seems to be no valid reason why nature unassisted might not do the same thing. In fact it does.

"If one species has descended from another," he asks, "why has nature discontinued the process?" It has not. More than twenty years ago Hugo de Vries found the evening primrose of Lamarck growing wild in Holland and it already had produced two new and distinct species. Later he actually discovered it changing by mutation to another species.

In fact, De Vries holds that species are always formed by mutations or sudden leaps instead of by imperceptible modifications. Although he has produced evidence which has convinced practically all biologists that new species may be formed by mutation it is not the generally accepted belief that all new species are formed in that way.

Guenther cites another case of the formation of a new species in a comparatively short time:

"In the year 1419 rabbits were introduced on the isle of Porto Santo, near Madeira, and increased until they became a plague of the country. But the descendants have become unlike their ancestors and differ from them in their peculiar color, ratlike shape, small size, nocturnal habits, and extraordinary savageness. But the most remarkable point is that they can no longer be crossed with the European rabbit and have, therefore, formed a new species in this comparatively brief space of time."

BE AN EAGLE—NOT A CROW.

The eagle is a noble bird, majestic in its flight,
It soars at will o'er vale and hill in God's most glorious light:
No creature in the universe has more untrammeled sway
Than this splendid type of freedom hov'ring o'er the blue and gray.

When we see our flag of freedom out upon the breeze,
Our voices raise in hymns of praise that vibrate o'er the seas;
For, upon the flagpole's summit, we are always proud to show
The brave American eagle and not a trembling crow.

Are you like the fearless eagle—a brave intrepid knight—
Who, from his perch, is on the search for chance to show his might
Against the foes of liberty that he may lay them low,
Or are you but a craven, like the stupid, timid crow?

What better sign or symbol of Ambition's realm so bright
Could man devise than that which flies to such unbounded height?
Then, let us, like the eagle, strive to reach life's highest peak—
Be this our creed, in thought and deed, nobility to seek.

Chicago. DR. W. A. BLACKWELL.

WILSON'S RAID.

A bugle call at Selma!
Yes, Wilson is at Selma—
Bright, jaunty, gay, he spurs his gray
And heads our van to Selma.

Down, down the pike to Selma,
Our charge sweeps on to Selma.
Mad shells now fly and soldiers die;
Red is the road to Selma.

But Forrest is in Selma,
Fierce Forrest is in Selma;
'Tis victory where'er he be,
And hope is high in Selma.

Still Wilson leads to Selma,
He cheers us on to Selma;
The gray is down and Wilson's down,
Yet waves us on to Selma.

A cheer goes up from Selma,
At Wilson's fall at Selma;
He mounts again and spurs again
His bloody gray toward Selma.

Up to the gates of Selma,
On through the gates of Selma!
Our steel meets steel, the foemen wheel
And Wilson sweeps through Selma!

And Forrest flees from Selma—
All bleeding flees from Selma—
While Wilson's fame and Wilson's name
Are writ in flame at Selma.

Saint Gaudens' Work and Place in History

By Harriet Monroe.

He wrought for our joy;
He wept for our ruth.
Now out from the highway
Speed him on,
With shining fame
For an aureole.
Ring him out grandly,
Whose goal is won—
Bells of the world,
Toll, toll.

TO be climbing the High Sierras while Saint Gaudens, in the spirit at least, is in Chicago, is a pleasure not without its mitigating pain. Yet there is no incompatibility between the two ideas.

In the mountains one must cast off little things; these cascading rivers and Upper Yosemite cataracts wash away from one's mind thick accumulations of dust. But they are a fit preparation for great art; and in this glorious wilderness above the world I may summon my crowding memories of a great man, our master in sculpture, and the life work through which he has immortalized the spirit of his country and his age.

Two years ago, one of those August days, I was in Cornish, when a friend brought me word that Saint Gaudens was dying up there in his house on the hill. Both sorrow and joy were in the message—sorrow for a loss that darkened the day, joy for the end of long suffering, for a career triumphantly rounded out and finished in this world so full of failures and half lives. It was a warm, bright afternoon; I walked out alone into the mellow woods, still wet with last night's rain.

Far away the bell of the little village church was slowly pealing for some service, and the silver sound of it grew into a dirge, which may be now set down in print as the text of my discourse.

Bells of Cornish.

Toll, toll
For the friend who passes
Through the gate.
Up the mountain,
Beyond the goal,
Into the light,
He goes in state.
Your vales were his,
Your homes, your hearts;
A score of years
You gave the whole.
Now flowers from your meadows
For love, for tears!
Bells of Cornish,
Toll, toll!

Bells of the Nation.

Toll, toll,
For the man whose fingers
Your hope could mold;
For his hero-hands
Could carve in marble
And cast in gold.
Faith you gave him—
Give praise, a song,
Wreaths for the victor,
Joy and dole.
Haste to crown him—
He served you long.
Bells of the nation,
Toll, toll.

Bells of the World.

Toll, toll,
For the maker of beauty,
The seer of truth.
He looked afar,
He read the scroll,

The art of Augustus Saint Gaudens expresses a race and an age, and yet carries that race and that age out of our little groove of time and place into the universal and eternal. The Art institute exhibition—any exhibition of his work—proves his nineteenth-twentieth century Americanism; but it proves also his instinct for the unity and harmony of life; it shows that we are as authentic in beauty as the Greek or the Florentine, playing as rich a part in the pageant of the centuries.

To add glory to fame, to divine and express and perpetuate the heroic spirit of an age—this is the supreme service of art. I remember my first view of the galleries of ancient sculpture in Rome; though I had read more or less Roman history, it was never alive for me until those statues of warriors and emperors made them my friends and neighbors, revealed to me the heart of the world they conquered and ruled. In a still higher sense the Parthenon sculptures give us the uplift of the wings of Greece in the divinest moment of her most heroic day.

What if these monuments had not been; what if the great moment had passed while art was dead or sleeping! Greece and Rome would be today as moldy as Carthage in the world's memory—forgotten, obliterated, sterile, unproductive—and we should have been none the better for their heroism.

The art of Saint Gaudens achieves for his age this service—he makes its heroism fecund, productive; he gives our aspiration to the future in forms so perfect that they can never die. To the realism of history which shall tell over and over the story of our civil war he adds the glory of his Farragut, his Lincoln, his Shaw, his Sherman; through these shall remote ages know and bless us, and be inspired to fulfill our hope, even though all the thousands of tomes shall have faded into dust.

And it was not only the heroic aspect of life which appealed to him, but also its more intimate domestic phases. Not only did he make colossal statues of rulers and warriors, but also delicate bas-reliefs of children, of couples grown old in quiet, happy marriage; of Bastien Le Page at his easel; of Mrs. Stanford White in her bridal veil and bridal joy; of Stevenson at work in the bed which held him captive so many years. Wonderful portraits these, each one a rounded symphony, complete, harmonious, beautiful; each one presenting with high truth not only an individual, but some aspect of the everyday life of his time—its hope, patience, pathos, kindliness.

And not only these—not only the heroes and the friends were divined by his art, but also the secret longings, the struggles of faith and doubt, the profound spiritual problems of an age the most inquiring and inventive in the history of the world. The Victory who leads his Sherman is no classic spirit. She belongs to modern democracy by the special quality of her faith and love, as does the angel in the Shaw monument by the special quality of her tragic pity. The angel in "Amor Caritas" looks forward to the brotherhood of man—foresees it, pleads with the world for it, divines it in the heart of the world.

The caryatids for the Buffalo Art gallery—his latest work—give us our own feeling for the joy of life, a new, exuberant gayety which begins to awaken after Puritan centuries of suppression.

But more profound than these in its expression of the spiritual feeling of his time—perhaps in this spiritual eloquence the most wonderful statue ever modeled—is the great bronze figure at the tomb of Mrs. Adams in Washington. This silent, enigmatic, half veiled woman holds in heart both the Faith and the Doubt of our inquisitive, creative, eager, restless age, and also the Peace that lies deeper than faith and doubt, that stills all passions as the depths of the sea still its storms. Like the Sphinx, she is the Question and the Answer; she is our hope and despair, our grief and joy. As far as frail humanity may sound the infinite, she sounds it for us; and to the end of time she will utter our question in the ear of the world.

Saint Gaudens, who was with us but yesterday, may be still too near for final judgment; no contemporary can utter the verdict of time. Yet, measuring his achievement by that of the giants of the past, it would seem that he, as grandly as any of them, expressed in enduring bronze and marble the heroic life of his time. He "tells the tale of the tribe" to the next age, to all ages, and we, who have watched him tell it, must acknowledge that, in the deepest and highest sense of the word, he tells the truth.

JAPANESE ENGLISH.

Proof that the quaint phraseology of the fictional Japanese, when he attempts to express himself in English, is not confined to the imagination of clever American humorists, is found in the wording of the following sign, encountered in the window of a downtown Japanese curio shop:

"Japanese windbells. It tinkles whenever a breeze helps and issues most delightful tunes which make one feel happy and joyful and which cheer up the loneliness and gives consolation to the weariness."